

## A Stirring Appeal.

A trade which flourishes upon the ruin of its supporters; which derives its revenues from the plunder of homes, from the defrauding of helpless childhood and from the degradation of manhood; which requires for its prosperity the injury of the community; which ministers to every vile and vicious passion and propensity; which makes drunkards and thieves and embezzlers and gamblers and wife-beaters and murderers; which brutalizes and degrades all who are brought in contact with it; cannot claim the respect and assuredly ought not to be able to claim the encouragement of the community.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Shall it longer reign in triumph,  
Longer wear its tyrant crown?  
Shall it firmer draw its fetters,  
Firmer bind the nation down?  
Shall this grand young country longer  
Bow and tremble beneath its frown?

No! let every heart re-echo:  
Rouse, ye gallant men and true!  
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers!  
See, the night is almost through,  
Rouse ye, every man and woman—  
God is calling now for you.

—*M. Florence Mosher.*

The inhabitants of a thriving town having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of liquor licenses the town should petition for, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided and upon the platform were seated, among others, the *pastor* of the village, one of his *deacons*, and the *physician*.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens rose, and after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licenses. They had better license *good* men and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction.

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It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose care-worn countenance was the painful index to no light sufferings, yet there was something in the flash of her bright eye that told she had once been what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question.

"You" said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me mistress of one of the best estates in this borough. I once had a husband and five sons, and woman never had a kinder husband, mother never had five better or more affectionate children. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask *where* are they now?"

"In yonder burying ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons, and oh! they are all drunkards' graves!"

"Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that *temperate* drinking would do them no harm.

"And you too, Sir, (addressing the parson), would come and drink with my husband, and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example.

"Deacon, *you* sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by the drink.

"Now," she said, "I have done my errand. I go back to the poor-house, for that is *my* home. You, Rev. Sir—you, doctor, and you, deacon, I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons, who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkards' graves."

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting—"Shall we petition the court to issue licenses for the ensuing year?" Then the unbroken "No!" which made the very walls re-echo, told the result of the old woman's appeal.

Dear reader, your judgment and conscience endorse that decision. You too would have shouted "No!" with all the energy and determination you possess. Will you not resolve to-day, that, with God's help, you will always be found in active opposition to the cruel and ruinous traffic that blights so many lives and breaks so many hearts.





